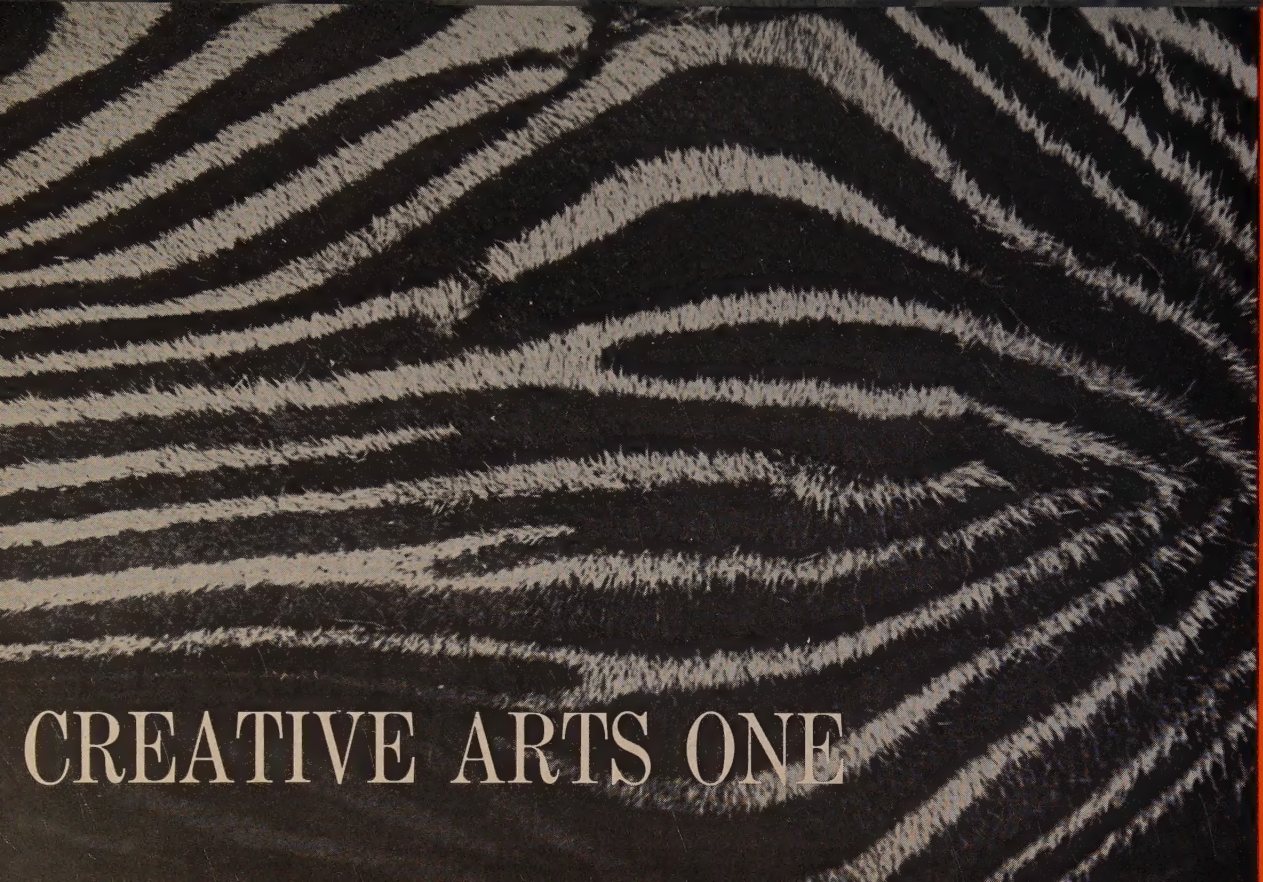


CREATIVE ARTS ONE

Youth

AUGUST 1962

Youth / Volume 18
Number 15
August 1967

Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick
Art Consultant: Charles Newton
Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen
Secretary: Jane Popp
Editorial address: Room 800, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the
United Church of Christ
and
The Episcopal Church
An **Horizons** edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren
YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The *Horizons* Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by The General Brotherhood Board—Church of the Brethren.

Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, $3.00 a year. Group rates, five or more to one address, $2.40 each. Single copies, 15 cents each, double issues, 25 cents.

Subscription offices: *United Church of Christ:* Division of Publication, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Episcopal Church:* Circulation Department, YOUTH magazine, Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Church of the Brethren:* General Brotherhood Board, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill. 60120.

FRONT COVER—"ZEBRA" by Warren Gardocki

BACK COVER—"FORGOTTEN WINDOW" by Todd Phillips

Neither the pen nor the brush nor the chisel—but technology—
ems to be man's major tool in this electronic age. Yet
chnology has *not* built for man the new life he has long dreamed
for neither facts nor intellect alone will save the world.

Life is best seen and understood and expressed from that
rspective which is most totally human. Archibald MacLeish recently
served: "The psychological discoveries of the last two generations
ve told us more about ourselves, or what we choose to call
r selves, than men before us ever guessed, and yet we still
read the Greeks, who came to self through art, to learn to under-
nd our nature. . . . We need to remind ourselves that man
nnot exist as man without an image of himself to question all he
ows—and that the arts alone can create that image."

The songs you sing, the movies you see, the poetry you write,
e art you shape, the decisions you make, the prayers you pray—
are an expression of what you feel the image of man is.
d that's what this fifth annual Creative Arts issue of YOUTH is
about.

What you find in this issue of "Creative Arts I" is not necessarily
e best of the verbal and visual arts being produced by high
hool teens today. But these are honest and creative expressions
rthy of sharing. As our staff judged the more than 2000 entries
this year's competition, we are convinced that what we
ected as finalists are the best among those entries submitted
us. And we found enough worthy entries that we could not
clude them all in this one 64-page issue, and so a 32-page issue
"Creative Arts II" will appear later on during this coming school
ar.

As in the past, each person who has an entry published in
y of our Creative Arts issues receives 25 dollars. Even though
e deadline for submitting creative arts for this 1967 issue was
ay 1, 1967, our staff welcomes your submitting creative expressions
oughout the year for possible publication. This magazine is your
rum from which you and your fellow youth can be heard. What do
u see the image of man to be?

THE USELESSNESS OF THE SUN

BY DIXIE THOMPSON

The illiterate man who says,
"Poetry is of no use,
It hasn't helped me."
Is no better than the blind man who said,
"The sun needn't shine today,
I can't see anyway."
Or the warmonger who said,
"Peace is a farce,
It will never really be in this world."

The sun doesn't stop shining
Because one man can't see,
Pacifists don't stop trying to make peace
Because one man doesn't want it,
And poets don't stop writing
Because one man doesn't understand it.

The sun shines for those who can see,
Peace is for those who want it,
And poetry is for those who appreciate it.

TOADPRINTS BY CHERYL BENFIELD

A dark night after a fall of rain;
small strips of moon, and stars
sliver a wet sky. The grass is
water-cool and wonderful.
I am alone.

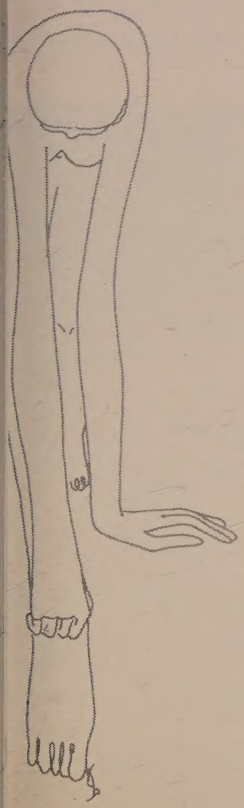
Is the rustle just a flower
growing out of the old leaves?
Well! A toad! Brown, rough,
little black-eyed, breathing toad.
Wet too, probably.

Toad, why so hesitant in heading
toward the dry brown under my
hemlock bush? I don't charge rent;
hemlocks aren't in much demand nowadays,
after a rain.

The shelter looks warm, protecting.
Were I as tiny as this toad!
How nice to be homed in dark,
dry earth, and leaves, and
hemlock needles.

Toad, gone to rest?
I'll go home, too,
and turn out the light
by our stone steps. Just sleep.
Summer's watermellon-moist tonight.

I left gray footprints of rain
on my front steps.
Did you leave toadprints?



WOMAN BY KATHLEEN DUDLEY

THE BLESSED THESPIAN BY JAN MILLER

Here I am . . . on stage
I love the applause, I glory in it.
My mask smiles . . .
I'm pretty.
My non-mask smiles momentarily . . .
I'm ugly.
I play my roles quite convincingly
Lover . . .
Christian . . .
Musician . . .
sincere . . .
virtuous . . .
talented . . .
I'd even believe them myself
if it weren't for intermission.

BY JOHN LEHMAN, JR.

WISPY SPIRIT
BY LAURIE PUFF

Excerpts from a letter home:

. . . At age eighteen, I am sick and tired of life. I do not mean I am experiencing suicidal thoughts; on the contrary, I am in love with life. This does sound confusing, doesn't it? Let me explain. I enjoy many things in life: this school, what I am trying to become, the walks in the woods, the true friends that I have. I am grateful for many things: you in particular, the wonderful range of opportunities I have, the country I live in, and the like. Things that are hard to put into words. But there are also many things in life that I do not enjoy. The pettiness of people, the rape of the land by the success-conscious money-makers (here I refer to the gross destruction of the natural beauty of the world), the ugly cities and the ugliness they breed, selfishness, ignorance, and the apathy of people, including myself. All of this has to do, fundamentally with people, all this and a hundred other specifics. I am not saying that I hate people. I merely hate the results of the conflicts between people of different ideals. Results which are humanly unavoidable. But results which can be lessened to a certain extent.

In this crummy and wonderful world, I live. Or rather exist, for I have not started living. This is not possible without a solid philosophy, something I do not have. I have certain convictions and ideas about life, as you mentioned I had when I came up here. But I have had these convictions shaken, and I have had to revise and examine. And I still don't know. Now don't think that I have become a savage with no inhibitions. I still have plenty of those. I merely have started, for the first time in my life, to examine just what I believe, why and how strongly it affects me. I have come to realize that I never had a strong, deep faith in God. . . . I am not going heathen, I am not giving up. I am not lost. I am only looking. I have certain questions which I must find the answers to, and no one can provide them for me. I must find them for myself. I must question, I must accept everything and reject nothing, and accept nothing and reject everything. This whole issue is bigger than just religion. I must question everything that affects me. I cannot just take something for granted. I feel as though I am on a high chair, viewing a large, endless parade. As I see the parade, life, go by, I see every once in awhile, something which affects me. Then I stop the parade, and find out all about the something.

I hope that you do not think me crazy, nor do I hope that you write this off as a mere short stage in my life. This is the beginning of my life. The reasoning I do now, and continue to do, will form my ideas and ideals for the rest of my life. But I refuse to become blinded, or static, or assured

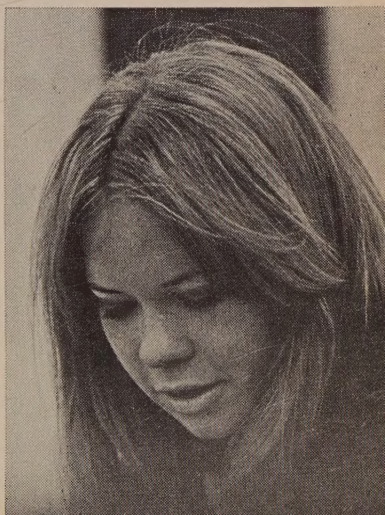
f the fact that just because I decide
omething is right or wrong for me, it
for everyone in all situations. Other
eople have certain convictions,
hich are right and valid for them
nd wrong for me. On the other side
f the coin, I do not intend, cer-
inly, to become a neurotic, moral-
anderer who changes his ideals to
it his particular desires at the par-
cular time. No, I intend to search
r the answers, and to formulate a
ries of standards to live by.

. Please do not lose faith in me.
will find a way. I am still basically
e same person. I have simply
ecided to stop being a hypocrite
nd admit that I don't know. I hated
yself for that attitude, that false-
ess, just as I hate it in other
eople. . . . I will come through. It
just something I must do. With
od's will (I am assuming that he
ally exists and affects me) I will
nd the answers. But I must do this
yself. Things I do affect me and
know that you want me to be
ntent, and in my contentment, you
ill find some of your own.

Your son,

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER
BY LAWRENCE RATHMAN

GIRL BY DON FATKA



THE WINNERS TALK ABOUT THEIR ART, THEMSELVES AND ON BEING CREATIVE

WARREN GARDOCKI, LANSDALE, PA., 17 / Throughout school in phot raphy class we were taught to take pictures in an unusual manner. This was the e with the Zebra (front cover). Instead of taking a picture of the body or just the h I thought the stripes would make an interesting pattern. The result is the picture have.

TODD PHILLIPS, NORMAL, ILL., 17 / For as long as I can remember, I been interested in expressing myself by means other than conversation. "Forgotten W dow" (back cover) is a work that I had designed a few weeks prior to the ac photographing. The idea came to me and I developed the details I wanted to ex in the completed product. Then I was ready to find the subject. The picture w you have is a window in a pioneer home built in the 1700's. The mood and setting correct, so I proceeded to capture them on film.

PETER FREUND, STATE COLLEGE, PA., 15 / I became interested in cre expression when I began to become more competent in the use of the potter's wh it seemed to be a worthwhile and creative skill, and a few of my friends were ginning potters. A handbuild, as for instance, "Pine Cone" (p. 2), is the nat outgrowth of being temporarily bored and frustrated on the wheel. The piece is c "Pine Cone" because the design up and down the sides was made with the help p pine cone (really a spruce cone), an effect which I discovered for myself.

DIXIE THOMPSON, MASON CITY, IOWA, 16 / I started writing poetry a five or six years ago, but I didn't start writing seriously till about a year ago wh started working on our church paper. I find poetry a much more expressive mea writing than is prose. (Entry: "The Uselessness of the Sun"—p. 4)

KATHLEEN DUDLEY, PITTSFIELD, MASS., 16 / I became interested in cre expression about five years ago when I realized how much I enjoyed working wit hands. Not only drawing, but painting and carving in wood and soap have been I drew "Woman" (p. 5) because I wanted to show simplicity and, for me, it is to express with a drawing than with words.

CHERYL BENFIELD, KENSINGTON, CONN., / "Toadprints" (p. 5) product of my encounter, one summer evening, with the magic of wonder. I had standing alone, looking at the stars in the rain-washed sky, when I heard soft ru and realized I was no longer alone. I felt an affinity with the toad, my compani the limitless universe which I had realized in the beauty of the sky. Also, I tri express the warm feeling of peace and love which I found, barefooted, in the wet

JAN MILLER, OAKLEY, ILL., 19 / I can say I was forced to write creatively when my life became intensified. With my decision to "live each day to the fullest," I couldn't waste time worrying about what I had neglected to do in the past, for then I would fail to accomplish that which was at hand. At first, I could write only in periods of deep depression. It was in one of these periods of self-disappointment and depression that I wrote "The Blessed Thespian" (p. 6). But lately I have been able to write also out of happy experiences. As a result, my life is much freer.

JOHN LEHMAN, JR., KOKOMO, IND., 17 / Because photography deals with visual concepts that never go out of style, it is an important humanity. Behind every good photograph there is an idea or feeling being exposed. A superior print explores emotions deeper; therefore, photography helps to reveal certain underlying patterns beneath life's apparent confusion! Photography is a rewarding hobby for which I have shown unfeigning pride. Entry: untitled photograph, pp. 6-7

LAURIE PUFF, DAYTON, OHIO, 18 / My creative expression the last year has dealt mainly in experiments with media that I had never used before as instruments of art. I learned to create exquisite designs with things as common as the cotton ball or broom straw. This was very exciting to discover that every-day articles could be used to create pictures beyond imagination. Entry: "Wispy Spirit"—p. 7

LAWRENCE RATHMAN, HAMBURG, N. Y., 19 / Even though most of my writing is done at emotional moments, I have my thoughts captured, so I can later go back and logically study them. I can analyse myself and find out where I am, where I've been, and approximately where I'm going. "Excerpts from a Letter" (pp. 8-9) was written for the same reason. I wanted to be completely honest in my statement of ideals, and I thought my parents would want to know just what their son thought of himself and life after being away from home for an extended length of time.

DON FATKA, POLK CITY, IOWA, 19 / I became interested in creative photography while I was photographer for our high school annual. When I went to college the man I worked for demanded the best I could do. This picture (Girl—p. 9) was taken in the college library, unknown to the girl. I feel it shows a part of this girl that doesn't very often show.

WILL MILNE, DALLAS, TEX., 15 / For myself, "creative expression" is not so much an interest as a need, a kind of concrete representation of emotions and ideas within a framework of the particular medium. Creative expression must communicate, subtly or blatantly, as well as be an expression from the artist. "Love Is the Word" (p. 12) cannot communicate immediately, being abstract, but, nevertheless, feeling and meaning exist within it, and in its own manner communicates through a kind of mental osmosis.

WENDY WOOD, OTSEGO, MICH., 15 / Creative writing has long been my favorite method of expressing myself. I'm short on artistic talent, so have turned to writing as a vent to let off steam or describe the way I feel. (Entry: "I Remember You" —p. 13)

LOVE IS THE WORD BY WILL MILNE

REMEMBER YOU BY WENDY WOOD

remember you;
you're the little boy
from down the road.

ou were tall,
and always frightened
short little me
into hiding behind
my daddy's knee.

ou're the little boy
that threw paper wads
in my hair
and passed my shoes
around the room
at school.

ou're the gallant one
that wrote me
Letters
in code
in English class.

ou're the funny boy
who shut me
in the closet
to see if I would cry
and glared
so sullenly when
you thought I liked
another guy.

You're the kid
who thought
so much the same
as I
that you could read
my mind
and all that passed
through it.

What's happened
to you?
Your name's the same
but . . .
that's not the face
that goes with it.

You don't write
Letters
to me,
or . . .
throw paper
in my hair.

You aren't jealous
of another beau;
You aren't the kid
I used to know;
You aren't the boy
from down the road.

You don't think
as I do;
I don't remember
You.

WHEN WE WERE R.S.+T.P. BY BECKY SCHLEMMER

When we were nine
My boyfriend wrote R.S.+T.P.
In stretched-out bubblegum
On the sidewalk.

When we were eleven
He carved R.S.+T.P.
In the bark of a beech tree
(Which was already crowded with plus's).

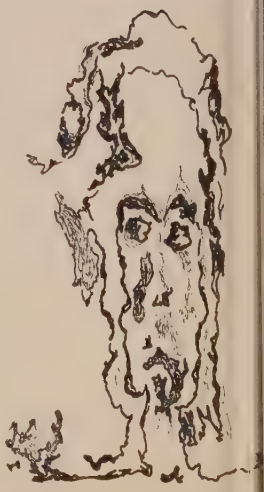
When we were thirteen
He wrote R.S.+T.P. on a red balloon
And let it go up into the sky—
To proclaim our love to the heavens.

When we were fifteen
He wrote R.S.+T.P. with lighter fluid
On the grass of a vacant lot,
Then set it on fire.

When we were seventeen
He wrote R.S.+T.P. in six-foot letters
In the sand at the beach
(And he called them the sands of time).

When we were nineteen
And he was in the army
He got R.S.+T.P. tatooed
In blue on his arm.

When we were twenty-one
My boyfriend wrote R.P.+T.P.
And I looked at him with tears in my eyes,
Sad and glad that initials have to be mortal.



GITA BY PAM RA

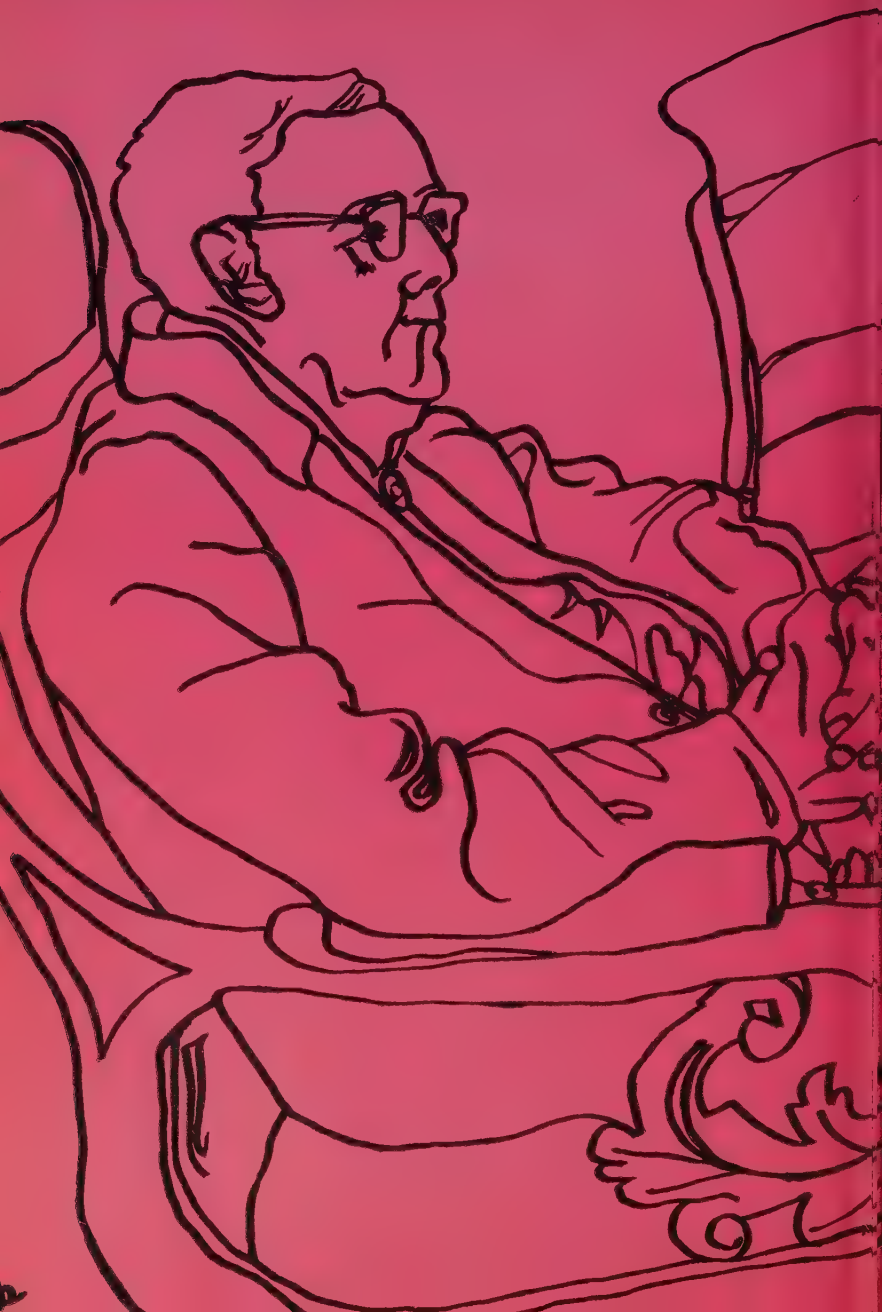
I loved him
because
he said he loved me because
he liked to laugh
at the way
I walked in the sand at the beach
and the way my knees knocked when I did it.
But also he said my face was pretty, and he liked the thin black ring
around the iris of my hazel eyes,
and the way it contrasted with my rings of
white fat.
In the summer he smiled when we lay at the beach,
and through the power of one tendon
I wiggled
my smallest toe. He couldn't do that.
Then there was the way I leaned on the tree
after climbing all those stairs to the cliff
from the beach.
He said
I bent my knee in a strange way
and from the back,
as he climbed after me,
he could see the dimple there, and the
dried sand on my back. He liked that.
But then he'd come up and hold
my hand, and we'd look over
the
cliff
and rocks, together, and then, chuckling quietly,
he'd rub my palm, and he liked
the way I squeezed back,
tenderly.
Yes, tenderly,
he liked to laugh, and so I loved
the way
he walked
behind
on the narrow path that led to the steps,
all those steps
leading to the barren spot
where he laughed some more,
and then left me,
saying,
"Thanks for being such a doll."

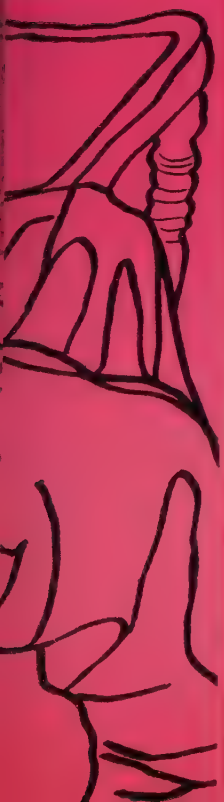
SHE'S CLEAN . . . BY RANDALL GATES

She's clean and fresh, alive and young,
And still upstairs.
The whispers of light fragrance,
And tickles of giggles,
The shy, seeking smiles
Will soon come from that door
And we'll be off into springkissland.

LOVE CAN BE HAPPY, TOO BY CHRISTINE WILLIAMS

UNCLE REUBEN BY CONNIE BAYRER





TO MY SON BY MIKE LEACH

Follow me
into depression
Live with me
in darkness
Feel with me
the vacuum
See with me
the blur
Find with me
confusion
Follow me
to death

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN GENERATIONS BY CAROL BREEDEN

Here we sit,
A mere table between us.
It might as well be
Eternity.
Speaking of unrelated topics,
Not feelings,
You and I.
Why?

I'm here!
Talk to me!
Inwardly screaming
Such thoughts,
I remark on the weather,
The news,
And we smile smugly,
You and I.
Why?

And I sit
Talking,
Smiling,
Yet—inwardly—
I begin to cry.
I can't understand
You and I.
Why?

BECKY SCHLEMMER, PARMA, OHIO, 17 / My creative writing teacher wa me against writing only when inspired. But, naive as it may be, I admit that I from inspiration. An inspirational idea comes to me whenever I see, feel, or something which I know should be expressed in words. And one can sense "inspirants" *everyday* if he is very alert and awake—really alive. Therefore, I be that the truly awake writer can indeed work from inspiration. (Entry: "When We R.S. and T.P."—p. 14)

PAM RASP, OMAHA, NEB., 17 / To discover who and what I am, I find by extracting my sentiments and impressions of life, and reworking them in poetry art, I can realize my true self. "Gita" (p. 14) is a composite of the inco hensible and the understandable. She is mankind—both complicated and simple. has an unmistakable aura of darkness and solemnity, and yet, behind the hollow abject exterior, there is a trace of hopeful anticipation and vibrance for tomorrow.

CYNTHIA WARREN, CHICAGO, ILL., 18 / Creative expression means for me because one can only increase himself by dividing his thoughts with others also need to share their hopes and ideas. Through this I have discovered man persons also bent in like directions, and found myself warmly saying, "Hello st . . . so long friend," many times. Their company has been so important t (Entry: "The Reason"—p. 15)

RANDALL GATES, REDFIELD, S. D., 18 / "She's Clean . . ." (p. 16) product of a college spring fever in mid-March, something likely to annihilate habits and bring on more desirable wants. The mood, of course, is that of light-h love, though it didn't seem at all petty at the time.

CHRISTINE WILLIAMS, PORTAGE, MICH., 16 / To me, being creat not something you become interested in, but something you are. If you are cr you cannot help yourself—you *must* be creative. In my linoleum print, "Love C Happy, Too" (pp. 16-17), I tried to express one aspect of love.

LINDA MILLER, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., 15 / My entry is actually a self-p drawn while sitting on my bed facing a full-length mirror; and hoping it wou sound too presumptuous, I entitled it "Artist at Work" (p. 17). I've been do ever since I can remember. Though a heavy schedule at home, church, and scho vents my taking many art courses or spending much time drawing, I still imm enjoy sketching whenever I get the chance. Pencil has always been my favorite m and people my favorite subject.

CONNIE BAYRER, MANCHESTER, CONN., 18 / Creative expression, writing and art, is a natural outlet for me; I am compelled to create. Sometime a way of exploding without hurting anyone, or simply showing a feeling that ca expressed by mere conversation. (Entry: "Uncle Reuben"—pp. 18-19)

MIKE LEACH, ST. CLOUD, FLA., 15 / One night I stayed awake thinking of war and people and myself. I don't understand war. Sometimes it's like a game. But it strikes me very seriously. I often wonder which instinct will rule the trigger when my day of reckoning comes—self preservation or a love of God and living. These thoughts motivated my poem, "To My Son" (p. 19).

CAROL BREEDEN, NEW ALBANY, IND., 15 / For me, poetry is an expression of life. My deepest thoughts are easily expressed in this manner. "Communication between Generations" (p. 19) followed a midnight conversation with my mother in which I couldn't express myself. This frustration demanded expression and around two a. m. I surrendered and wrote. The result, with some revising, was my entry.

HAL DEAN, HINSDALE, ILL., 18 / "On the A-quality of Blindness" (pp. 22-23) was written after an actual experience of three days' blindness. In order to let a ruptured blood vessel in the vitreous humor of my right eye heal, I had to remain relatively inactive with both eyes patched for three days. The frustration of this intense experiment compelled me to express my feelings and impressions in hope that those who read my poem (or non-poem) will understand something more about blind *people* and treat them with understanding as they should all people.

LESLIE PHELPS, RIVERSIDE, CALIF., 18 / The most important question a person must face in his life is "Who Am I?" (pp. 22-23). The identity crisis is becoming more and more apparent as conformity and role-playing increase. What I am trying to say in my art work is that we cannot hide from this question—we must face it. If not, we may lose all trace of what is really our own individuality. I am raising the question so that it can be fought with, puzzled over, and finally answered.

MARCIA CLEMMITT, CANTON, OHIO, 17 / In the past year I've become more interested in writing as a craft. A truly fine writer can make other people feel and see the evidence of concepts and emotions that are true for everyone. Real writing is putting down thoughts on paper so clearly and with such depth of understanding that no one can fail to recognize them. (Entry: "The Children See"—p. 24)

PAUL ATKINS, CHICO, CALIF., 17 / I had done mainly two-dimensional drawings in pen and ink and pencil when I guess I was inspired to do a woodcut myself after seeing a few well done woodcuts. My entry, "Wheels" (p. 24), is my first and, so far, best. It has created in me a sense of being more than "just a picture."

CATHLEEN HERR, KALAMAZOO, MICH., 19 / If drawing it doesn't settle an idea in my mind, I write down some lines to tell myself what is happening, and then I know what I have been thinking about. What fascinates me about art is the artist, his point of view, trying to figure out what has been going on in his head. A man could never have written "The Lilac Ladies" (p. 25). That story is a female looking at females; it's a female in a man's world; it's a protest really.

ON THE A-QUALITY OF BLINDNESS BY HAL DEAN

The quality of blindness is rather
the absence of a quality.

With both eyes patched for three days,
I experienced blindness.

The worst part of blindness is not
sightlessness.
It's people treating you like a
vegetable.
People should help blind people
as little as possible.
It's better not to help blind people
when they need help
than to help them
when they don't need help.

Blind people can do plenty of things
for themselves.
They can listen to the radio,
play records, listen to TV,
dress themselves, comb their hair,
play the tape recorder,
walk around in the house,
feed themselves,
and make telephone calls.
People who are blind
for more than three days
learn to do many other things.

Blind people have sensitive ears.
They can't go to sleep
when their little brother is
downstairs watching TV
Blind people all have their own TV's
in their bedrooms,
but they have to go downstairs
to turn them on.

The radio hurts their ears.
People seem to be shouting.

on't know about real blind people,
ut bright light bothers
hree-day blind people.
ives them headaches.
y have to take aspirin.
at they really need is Excedrin.
d people see BLACK.
like having your eyelids closed
ll the time.
on taking off my patches
nagine my surprise
nd JOY
t the bright, vivid, colorful world
beheld.

d people have bruised shins.
you know any blind people
ith long noses?

d people like sandwiches.

For breakfast they have a poached egg
between two slices of toast.
Blind people don't get a lot of exercise
so they have to drink diet cola.
If you ever serve pie to a blind person,
make sure you place it frontwards.
Blind people always eat the drumstick.
If there's one thing blind people hate,
it's Jello.

If three-day blind people are
REAL PEOPLE,
then real blind people must be
REAL PEOPLE too.

WHO AM I?

THE CHILDREN SEE

By MARCIA CLEMMITT

The children look into the sky
And cry, "Oh, see the snow!
And hear how softly from the clouds
It comes to us below,"
While we, with muttered sentences
That curse our winter chores,
March, armed with brooms and shovels,
To clear it from our doors.

The children look into the sky
And shout, "Oh, see the rain!
And feel the drops roll down your face
And hear the gurgling drains,"
While we with cloudy faces
Go, shouldering out packs
And holding our umbrellas close
To keep it off our backs.

The children look into the sky
And say, "Oh, see the birds!
And catch that feather floating down!
Listen, they're chirping words!"
While we, with stubborn frowns intact,
Are nursing hates and fears,
And never hear their singing
Because we've plugged our ears.

The children look into the sky
And whisper, "Oh, see God!
And watch him wake the morning up
And light the goldenrod,"
While we, with all our knowledge
Don't see or hear or feel
But laugh and call it make believe
That the children know is real.

WHEELS BY PAUL ATI

THE LILAC LADIES BY CATHLEEN HERR

The amazing thing is, they were all dressed in lilac. Like three evenly spaced potted plants they waited against the bank's white marble wall for the bus.

The old woman standing next to me was thick as a stump, her fleshy face no longer fresh, but as wrinkled as plump, soft, decaying fruit, her hair bleached blond and frizzled from too much sun, crisp as dry winter leaves. She must have chosen her violet printed cotton housedress for comfort. It hung as casually upon her as her husband's familiar oaths and hands must fall upon her. Neither he nor dishwater and wet mops had ever wasted one nostalgic thought upon nor hesitated to tarnish shiny girlish memories of dances and carefree laughter. Only the clinging scrap of a fur collar on her jacket pretended to attribute to her one dreg of coquetry lying stagnant somewhere in the depths of her forgotten soul. She fiddled with the latch of the purse in her hands and sniffed the traffic fumes.

A passing workman glanced from the old woman to the girl on the other side of the group. Below a bulgy and unabashed purple sweater, more length of black lace nylons than of purple miniskirt veiled from indecently public exposure legs planted firmly in shiny vinyl Correges boots. Drawing the stub of her cigarette out of her mouth to exhale languidly, she fogged the air about her head into her own personal cloud. Dark hair teased high, wavy, wide and In, olive Mexican skin's luster dulled by powder, the whites of her heavily blackened eyes flashed to catch those of a shouting, acne-faced greaser leaning out the high back window of a bus pulling away from the curb. "¡En algun tiempo—pronto, chiquito!" Her words almost fell short of the retreating bus.

All the men looked at the reed straight and slim young woman first. Standing between the other two, she smoothed her straight black bob, buttoned the button that had come undone on the wrist of one of her white gloves, raised her chin and folded her hands in front of her again. The gold pin flashing against her mauve suit seemed to me reflected in her hard bright eyes, her polished face. I was only an outsider, of course, but it seemed to me that I was more conscious of the nexus between these three women than they were conscious of it themselves. The polished chick drew her elbows in to avoid jostling the woman on either side and gazed ahead at nothing.

It was nearing noon and more workmen and businessmen trotted by. As men passed, their eyes jerked down to the sidewalk and crawled up the legs of each lilac lady, halted and felt each figure then attacked each pair of blankly staring eyes with provoking eyes and faintly leering grin. The three hung against the wall like plums ripe for the picking. Just then another bus pulled in and all three women stepped down from the wall, across the sidewalk and inside. The bus pulled away, carrying with it the singular group.

I stood against the wall alone, watching people walk by. The crowd flowed faster now, an anonymous and unseeing mass, until falling out of it, suddenly, a tall, yellow mottle-faced man in sunglasses leaned over me and hissed in my face, "I'm parked around the corner. You wanta go for a ride?"

I stared straight ahead. "I'm not in the riding mood." Another bus pulled up.

"What does it take to put you in the mood?"

I felt my white face flush a cold pink, almost lilac. "That's my bus," I breathed and stepped away from the wall.

GIRL THROUGH A WINDOW BY STEVE DOUTH

THIS IS MY BROTHER BY SANDRA JEANNE LENG

This is my brother.
Color him young,
Color him happy, warm, loving.
Color him smiling, friendly, building.
This is me and my brother.
Color him teasing, warm, and fun,
Color him quiet, thoughtful, and understanding,
Color him hopeful, helpful, and trying.
There is my brother and mom.
Color him comforting, color her crying,
Color him troubled inside and confused,
Color him brave and unquestioning.
There goes my brother, leaving, waving,
Color him changing, marching, drilling,
Color him shouting, running, shooting,
Color him jumping, hiding, killing,
Color him striking, bleeding, choking,
Color him lying, gasping, dying,
Color him quiet
Color him young
Color him dead.

STEVE DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY., 13 / I became interested in photogra through the 4-H Photography Project in which I have been enrolled for four years. T years ago I won one of the division championships at the Kentucky State Fair photo exhibit. Last year I won the overall championship at the state exhibit. "(through a Window" (p. 26) was taken with a Ninolta 91 rangefinder. I took through a double paned window with reflections from a mirror.

SANDY LENG, GRAND MARAIS, MINN., 18 / I find great satisfaction painting, sculpting, and writing. These forms of expression sometimes provide for enjoyment and relaxation and other times a release for emotions often unnoticed or understood until they are conveyed onto a piece of paper or lump of clay. "This My Brother" (p. 27) came to me as I was pondering war and peace for a sch theme. My poem raises a question of values—a question that confronts us often the tangled world of today.

ALAN CLYDE, LANSDALE, PA., 16 / Through the guidance and encouragem of my photography teacher I began to express myself by taking pictures of mate and living things. Being able to express myself in a way of my own, I have bee a student with a broad mind. I am able to show how I want to express myself thr a picture instead of trying to explain with words. This picture (pp. 30-31) gave me feeling of a person trapped in a world of reality which he can not escape. It was t at the Philadelphia Zoo.

STEPHANIE STOEVE, PASCO, WASH. / I began to write small poems w certain feelings were no longer content to remain buried inside. I served for a yea our state's United Church Youth Council and my honest relationships with these made more and more poems possible. "The Rebirth of Wonder in Me" (p. 31) of the beginning of real communication between two people.

SHARON ROONEY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., 18 / When I first started wri poetry I wrote social protest poems, full of generalities and misdirected anger. T I realized that poetry meant something more to me than a way of lashing out. only thing I had the right to write about were things I had actually experien emotions I was beginning to understand . . . "i wonder if he remembers" (p. 32 not a social protest poem, nor is it really a love poem; it's a poem of pained wilderment.

GINGER GOODWIN, PHOENIX, ARIZ., 17 / Kahlil Gibran said that a l is "a laughing mouth or a bleeding wound." This describes my view of poetry m more accurately than I can myself. Entry: "For Joe (In return for violets at daw —p. 32

ADRIENNE MUSE, CAMDEN, N. J., 16 / I became interested in creative pression last summer when I received a copy of the August issue of YOUTH mag from church. It has special meaning for me because I am interested in journalism, being a form of expression. The entry I sent in, "This Do in Remembrance of Me" 32-33, was special to me because I have always tried to grasp the true meaning o bread and the wine.

LINDA HORVATH, CLEVELAND, OHIO / One of my goals as a writer is to create a truly beautiful and lasting work—the kind of literary work that would cause a person to be made more aware of life. I've been writing since the age of nine, and I think of each new pieces I write as a stepping stone toward my goal. Hopefully, "Conceptions" (pp. 34-41) brings me a few steps closer to that goal.

WILLIAM GENTRY, MONTPELIER, VT. / Art, music, and creative writing all serve as an outlet for me, a relaxation from school, a means to fill in spare time or fulfill a mood desire. I might add that I view my art as personal, and do not paint or sketch for money or for display. As for something about "Mountainside" (pp. 42-43), it just portrays a fictitious landscape that evolved out of a certain mood. (I never know quite how my sketches ase going to come out until I finish them.)

LONN WOLF, GLENVIEW, ILL., 18 / In reference to "I" (p. 42): 1—The difference between a person existing and a person living in creativity. If I lived only for myself, I would have no need to create. 2—Many people today are locked in a world of being cool, having an image, and looking instead of just being.

SANDY HUMS, GILBERTSVILLE, PA., 13 / I've always liked to draw and create my own way of doing things, so when my teacher assigned the woodcutting project, I combined my own images into one creation—"Water Bird" (p. 43). I think I enjoy art because I put my own emotions into everything I create.

SANDRA KOHLER, PROSPECTVILLE, PA., 18 / I don't believe that a person can function well in creative art by merely developing an interest in it. Surely there must be a basic emotion behind every painting, essay, or poem; so that it becomes a creative expression rather than simply decoration. The work needn't be pretty or colorful, but it must evoke thought in the mind of the beholder. Undoubtedly, the things that remain in our memories the longest are those that confuse, anger, amuse, or enlighten us. Creative art should do this. Entry: "King of Kings"—pp. 44-45

MARGIE FARMER, ARLINGTON, MASS., 17 / To me, creative expression is the extension of some impressionable occurrence: an act of sharing, growing, and learning. This poem (p. 45—untitled) is mostly a sharing—an attempt to relate the afterthoughts of an enlightening weekend conference.

DOUG BENKERT, MONROE, WIS., 16 / Something simple and plain such as a bone can appear simple or very complex. When you see a bone by itself, it looks very simple; however, stop and think what that bone is made of and how it is a vital link in the skeleton of the human body. Take a close look at a bone in an isolated state and notice the way the light plays on the various indentations and textures. That is what I have tried to get across in my work "Dry Bones" (p. 46).

UNTITLED BY ALAN CLYDE

THE REBIRTH OF WONDER IN ME

BY STEPHANIE STOEVE

I was afraid
You were afraid
but I didn't know of your fear
and you weren't aware of mine

We were both afraid of the same things
rejection
misunderstanding
pain
You did not see that there was nothing
I wanted
as much as I wanted to love you
And all I could see in your eyes
was strength
I felt my love was unnecessary
I had nothing to offer
in the way of gifts
other than myself
and my own
insecurity
fears
and
love
I turned to leave
and you said
I too am afraid
Everything burst inside me
You became a Person
a beautiful
feeling
hurting
living
Being
and I was reborn real

I WONDER IF HE REMEMBERS?
BY SHARON ROONEY

i wonder if he remembers

when he looks into my eyes
and i smile
his hand touches mine
while we talk
i wonder if he remembers

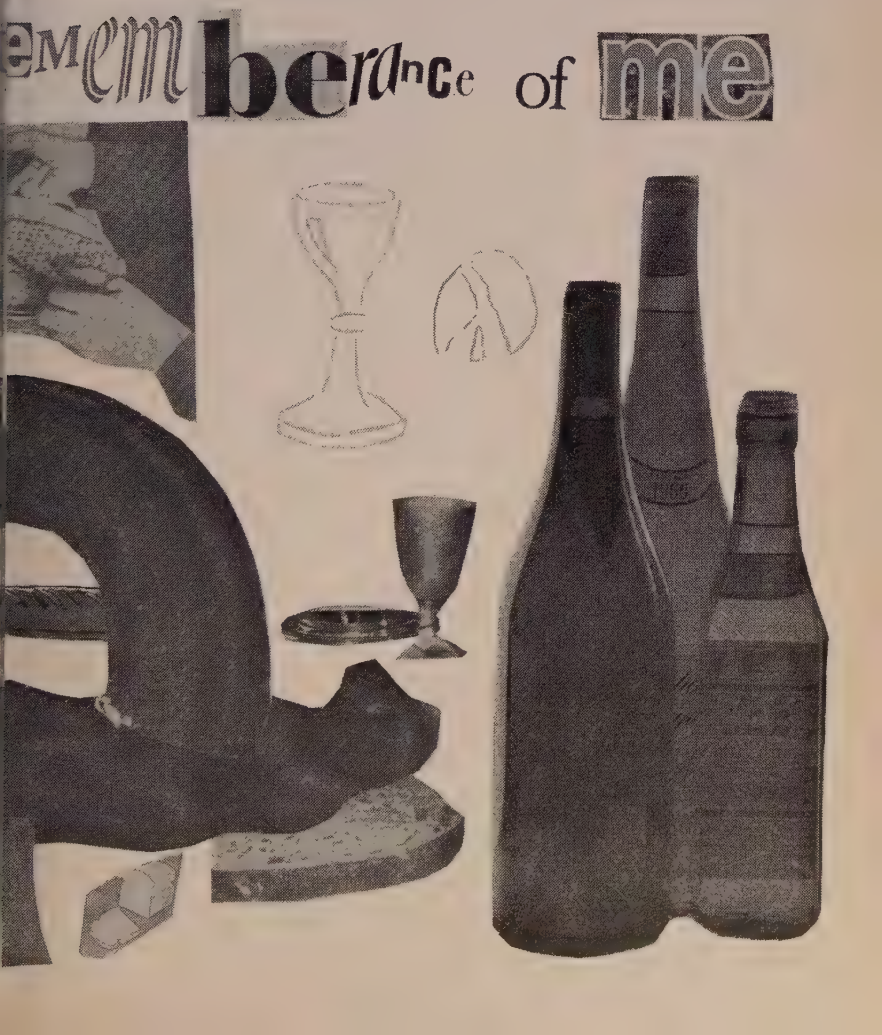
when he says he loves me
and we run
through nightime streets
laughing

that he is black . . .
i wonder if he knows
why i sometimes cry.

FOR JOE (In RETURN FOR VIOLETS OF DAWN)
BY GINGER GOODWIN

When you sing,
even after that song is your own;
in laughter, in sorrow sometimes,
we hear the twelve strings steel-chiming your soul,
your mind.
It brings us to the edge of
the cool closed eyes, the dreaming smile.
Then all the dark,
the lies, surrounding the very core of us, depart
until
your song, you,
fill the deepest heart of us.
Ever after, that song and you are one,
and ever after it is in us
running as the kindest rivers run:
deep,
and smooth,
and healing.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME BY ADRIENNE MUSE



CONCEPTIONS BY LINDA HORVATH

The sun was high in the sky, beating down almost unmercifully on the already baked earth. The withering trees and the thirsty grass were calling out for even the slightest breeze to come cool them, but there was no relief anywhere, not even in the shade.

The tiny farms of Ridgeville lay almost barren under the heat of the day. The ground was so dry that it cracked and turned to loose dust. The crops were choking underneath the clumps of hard, dry ground.

A narrow dirt road wound in and out, connecting the farmers with life. The ruts and bumps made it almost impossible to travel comfortably, but it was a good road. It wound past Maude Kracken's farm.

Maude's farm was like all the rest of the farms—almost fruitless, demanding great amounts of energy and producing almost nothing. It was more difficult for Maude to keep the farm going since her husband had died. The chores were endless, and the hours long, but Maude never wavered. Her only moments of rest were when she sat on her front porch and looked out at the weaving road.

A man appeared on the road, a strange sort of man, singing a lovely tune and strumming his brightly polished guitar. He pulled the brim of his hat down over his face to keep out the sun, but it was of little avail. The sun seemed everywhere.

His eyes caught hold of the Kracken farmhouse. Almost at once he stopped singing, and thought of the dryness in his throat. He drifted toward the house. As he drew nearer, he could see Maude Kracken hanging out her wash.

"Good afternoon," he greeted, his voice chipper.

Maude Kracken was so stunned she nearly lost her balance. She nervously brushed her hair out of her face, while fumbling for words.

"I didn't mean to startle you, m'am," he apologized.

"I, ah, I was just, ah, hanging up the, ah, wash," she muttered, pointing to the sagging clothes line. "What is it you want?"

"Just a cool drink of water to quench this parched throat, and a place in the shade to rest these weary bones."

She stared at him for a moment, looking at his dusty clothes, and eyeing his shiny guitar. Finally, she shrugged and murmured, "Help yourself. Water's over there," as she bent down over her clothes basket.

He kindly tipped his hat to her, before drawing the water from the pump.

"My name's Morgan," he called out.

When she didn't answer, he sat down under a sprawling willow tree.

He studied her for a moment—her patched skirt, her worn-out shoes, her unkempt hair. Studying people and trying to discover all he could about them was his profession.

He tried again. "I say—my name's Morgan."

She answered without looking up from her work. "I heard you."

"What do folks call you, ma'm?"

"Maude Kracken," she replied indifferently, picking up her bushel basket.

Morgan picked up his guitar and started strumming a song. He looked up at Maude, smiling. He wanted to cheer her with the song, and thank her for the water. Songs were all he had.

Maude stood there, a look of disgust on her face. "Ain't you got nothin' better to do?" she demanded.

"What's better than feelin' good?" he responded. "A song is something of the soul."

"A grown man ought to have something better to do than to play that crazy thing all day," she scorned. "It's pure wastefulness."

Two young boys came running over the hill. The smaller one raced up to Maude and threw his arms around her skirt. "Mamma! Mamma! Make Kyle give me back my whistle. Please, Mamma!"

The other boy stepped forward. "He was playin' with it, 'stead of doin' his work."

Maude held back the younger boy at arm's length. "Is that true, Neil Kracken?"

The boy stared down at the ground and kicked the dirt. "Yes, Mamma."

"How many times must I tell you that idleness is a sin?" she scolded.

"I weren't doin' no harm, Mamma," he insisted. "Please?"

Maude looked from one son, then to the other. Morgan could see the pained look on her face—the torment of being torn between logic and compassion. Finally, Maude nodded her head, and her young son shouted for joy as he retrieved his whistle. Then he turned around and saw Morgan sitting there.

"Oh, boy, a guitar!" Neil shrieked with glee. Stepping closer, he asked, "Who are you?"

"My name is Morgan," he smiled.

"Morgan what?" the boy questioned. "Everybody's gotta have a last name."

"I don't."

"Gee!" Neil breathed. "Never knew anybody without a last name before. . . . Do you know how to play that thing?"

In response, Morgan struck up a lively tune. Little Neil sat spellbound, as though the music were magic.

"Can we sing?" Neil blurted out.

"Sure we can sing," Morgan told him. "You want to join us, boy?"

Kyle flinched, and then looked hopelessly at his mother.

It was Maude who lashed out. "My boy thinks the same way I do. It's all foolishness. There're chores to be done. Come on, Kyle."

With that, she and the boy went over to the shed.

"What shall we sing, Neil?"

"I don't know. Don't know many songs."

"Well, do you know 'Clementine'?"

"Sure!"

The two were like old friends, sitting under the tree, happily singing the whimsical song. As he sang, Morgan glanced at Maude. She was busily stacking up logs, a man's work. He wondered how deep her soul was buried, and if he could reach it.

"Ouch!" little Neil shouted, throwing his hands into the air.

"What's wrong, boy?"

"A bee stung me!" he cried. "Stupid bee!"

The little boy sat there, his face full of tears. A single tear fell to the ground. Neil sat very still as he watched the ground soak up his one little tear.

"They say if a tear falls to the ground, something good will grow in that spot."

"Honest?" Neil wiped his eyes with the backs of his hands. "Gee!"

"You plant yourself a seed, and you take care of it every day, boy. You'll see," Morgan told him. "Well, boy, I'd best be on my way."

"Don't go," the youngster begged. "Please stay." He jumped to his feet, pulling Morgan up with him. "Mamma, can Morgan stay for lunch? Can he, please?"

Maude wiped her hands in her skirt and walked over to the boy.

"I, ah, don't know, Neil. He's a stranger," she whispered.

"Morgan ain't no stranger. He's my friend!" the boy loudly stammered. "Please, Mamma?"

Maude turned to the stranger. "You're welcome to stay. There's only soup for lunch."

"Soup'd be fine, Ma'm. Thank you."

Neil jumped around, taking Morgan's hand. "Come on, Morgan. Let's you and me go 'round the farm. You'll like it."

Morgan let himself be swept off by the boy. They nearly ran over the hill—Morgan puffing and holding onto his guitar, Neil gleefully prancing ahead. They came to a huge cyprus tree, and then the boy stopped.

"This is my place, Morgan. How'd ya like it?"

Morgan could see the pride in the boy's eyes. He knew what Neil was feeling. The sagging branches, the dry clumpy ground, the arid fields—these weren't what they appeared to be, but they were something more, something of the heart.

"I come here when Mamma's mad at me, or when I feel happy. We have time to sit down. Mamma won't make lunch for awhile."

Morgan and Neil Kracken sat down in the shade.

"Play a song for me, Morgan. Please?"

As Morgan began to play, the boy took out his whistle and played along. The two of them spent the next hour in this way, enjoying songs—occasionally stopping when Neil thought of something "great"—like his frog or his pocket knife—to share with his friend.

Finally, back over the hill the two went—an older man with his instrument slung over his back, and a fair-haired boy whose smile beamed from ear to ear. Neil threw open the farmhouse door and led his friend inside.

Morgan saw the plain furnishings—a table with four chairs, a stool, an ancient stove, and an inviting rocking chair. Maude was standing over the stove, pouring salt into a big porcelain kettle. When she saw Morgan, she winced.

"Lunch'll be ready in awhile," she said. "You can go outside and wash up, if you like. You go too, Neil. I don't want no dirty hands at my table."

"Come on, Morgan!" Neil merrily urged, taking the older man's hand.

Maude Kracken tried to set a good table. Most of her dishes were cracked or chipped, but she tried not to notice. She still had her pride. The past few years hadn't been easy ones for her, with Matthew gone. Now she merely tolerated everything, for she felt that in the end everything turned to dust.

"We're all washed now, Mamma," Neil brightly announced. He took Morgan's guitar and gently set it on the rocker. "You can sit here, right next to me."

"Go call your brother, Neil," Maude ordered. "Tell him to wash."

The young boy raced out the door.

Morgan looked at the woman, and saw that she had a young face. There were dirty smudges, and her hair fell every-which-way, but he could clearly see beauty in her face. She had high cheek bones, and big rounded eyes.

Maude felt his eyes on her. She tried to ignore them, and she went about her work.

It was Morgan who spoke first. "You have a nice face, ma'm, a pretty one."

"A pretty one?" she mocked. "You ain't lookin' at me with no clear eyes, mister. There ain't nothin' but a tired skin on these bones. Why—."

Maude was stopped by the boys coming in. She turned and started to serve the soup.

"You should hear Morgan play the guitar, Mamma!" Neil boasted. "He's real good, ain't ya, Morgan?"

"I can carry a tune."

"We played a duet—huh, Morgan?"

"We sure did, boy."

Maude smiled only slightly as she sat down. Morgan could see that she was weary. He could do nothing about that, but he knew that he could possibly cheer her soul.

"Morgan and I went to my special place," the young boy rambled on. "We had a great time."

"This is a good bowl of soup, ma'm," Morgan commented.

"It's not much," she shrugged.

"It doesn't need to be much to fill a man's stomach."

"Where'd you come from Morgan?" Neil asked.

"Oh, I come from all over, boy."

"Don't you have a home?"

"Nope."

"Don't you ever get lonely?"

"Lonely? I have all the home I need, boy."

"Whatcha do all day?"

"Whatever I like. I sing, or I play a tune."

"It's plain foolishness!" Kyle burst out, and then drew back.

"Boy, happiness isn't foolishness," Morgan explained. "If you don't have happiness in life, then you don't have anything. That's why I do whatever makes me happy."

"Gee!" Neil shrilled.

Maude gave the stranger a penetrating look. "Never you mind, Neil Eat your soup 'fore it gets cold."

"But you think, Mamma. No work—not ever!"

"You'll always have to work—you, me, and Kyle. Eat your soup."

"Didn't you ever have a home, Morgan?"

"Once—a long time ago," Morgan thoughtfully answered.

"How's come you left?"

"Oh—that was so long ago. It's best left forgotten."

"Know somethin', Morgan? I wanna be just like you when I grow up."

Maude looked up at her son. She saw how his eyes lit up, and how full of happiness he seemed. She hadn't ever seen him like that, except

when he talked about his father. For a moment her heart fluttered, and she wanted to be young and carefree again. But it was only for a moment. She looked down at her faded, cracked plate, and she knew it was too late.

"Morgan, will you teach me how to play the guitar?" Neil asked.

"Sure 'nuff, boy."

"Gee!" Neil shouted with joy. "You wanna learn too, Kyle?"

"I ain't got no time for such foolishness," Kyle snapped. Then he lamely added, "I don't wanna learn no wastefulness, either."

"Ain't no foolishness," the younger boy cried. "Ain't no foolishness at all. Come on, Morgan. Let's you and me play the guitar."

Morgan sat down in the rocking chair, with the boy next to him on the little stool. When Morgan handed Neil the guitar, he handled it with careful fingers. He was fascinated by the instrument, and seemed amazed when he made a sound.

Maude sighed, and went on to her dishes. Kyle got up from the table and longingly gazed at his brother. Now he wanted to laugh, just as his brother was laughing, but something was holding him back. His mother was busy scrubbing the dishes, and his brother was laughing.

Neil saw his brother looking on, and so he got up from his stool and handed Kyle the guitar. Kyle stared at the instrument in his hands for a moment, as though he were seeing it for the first time.

"Come on, Kyle. We kin learn to play it."

Kyle let a smile come to his face as he put a chair by Morgan. He let the stranger teach him "foolishness," and he hesitantly enjoyed it.

Maude could hardly believe her ears. It had been so long since she had heard her two sons laughing together. She stopped her work and turned to them. She liked hearing them laugh, and she liked seeing them happy. Her sons and the stranger—they made quite a sight—but she knew that tomorrow would hold no laughter.

"Go out and do your chores, boys," Maude quickly told them.

"But Mamma—," Neil protested.

"You heard me!" she shouted. "You've wasted enough time. Go!"

Both boys got up and reluctantly left the kitchen. When Maude heard the door slam, she looked at the stranger with hard eyes.

"You had no right to tell my boys what you did, mister," she stammered. "Why, bein' the kind of man you are, you have no right to tell nobody nothin'. My sons don't need to be taught wastefulness."

"Is happiness a waste?" he asked. "I don't think it is."

"Happiness?" She repeated the word as if she loathed it. "I don't know happiness. Mister, I work seventeen hours a day on this land, and I get a handful of crops in return. I sweat and I slave so that my sons can have a home. I don't have time for happiness."

"Ma'm, being busy is no reason for not being happy," Morgan pointed out. "There's beauty in everything."

"Beauty?" she sarcastically laughed. "There ain't no beauty around here. Take a look, mister. Is it beauty that crops shrivel and choke because there ain't no water? Is beauty the man I love dying?"

"There's beauty on this earth, ma'm. All you have to do is look, and you'll see. Why, when I walked into Ridgeville, it was like walking into a different land. Everything's calm and peaceful, like the town's just a waitin' for something good to happen. That's a mighty powerful emotion, ma'm, a beautiful feeling."

"No!" she shouted, pacing about the room. "There's no beauty in this land—only dust."

"There's beauty even in death, ma'm—a kind of beauty that can be gotten only in memories. You remember the happy times you and your husband once shared, and for a short while you relive that happiness again. Isn't that feeling beautiful?"

"Death took my husband away from me, mister, 'un that's all I know."

She sat down in the rocker and folded her arms in her lap.

"Tell me, ma'm, why don't you ever smile?"

She stopped and looked at him queerly. "Smile? Why should I smile?"

"Why? Don't you know?" he questioned. "You have two wonderful sons who love you."

She slowly nodded.

"Then why don't you smile?" he demanded.

"I—. I—." She had never thought of a smile as being important.

"Don't lock them up, ma'm."

"Lock 'em up? They ain't got no chains on 'em!" she roared.

"Don't they?" Morgan thoughtfully asked. "You've taught your elder son to hate a song—a simple song. And your younger son feels guilty when he sings one."

"That's not—!" she started, but then stopped. "Don't tell me what to do, mister!"

"I was only trying to—."

"Don't try. You don't know what it's like, so don't try."

"I know how hard it must be, Maude."

Maude stared at Morgan, looking into his eyes, searching. No one had ever said her name like that before. It had always sounded ugly, even when Matthew said it, but now. . . . A dozen questions flashed through her mind all at once, but she could not bring herself to ask any of them. Instead, she simply nodded her head and whispered, "Yes . . . perhaps . .

you know. . . . How is it that you know so much, and still you're a drifter?"

"Not all of us are lucky to live the way we'd like."

"No . . . I guess not," she quietly agreed.

There was a moment of silence as the two people sat looking at one another. Finally, Morgan got to his feet and helped her up.

"I'd best be going now, ma'm," he told her. "I have a long way yet to go."

"C-couldn't you stay for supper?" she asked. ". . . Neil'll like that."

There was a moment of hesitation. He looked at the good lady and wanted to stay, but he knew he couldn't.

"No, ma'm. I thank you kindly, but I'd best be on my way. Have a lot of ground to travel, and I like to travel best in the late afternoon. Seeing the sun low in the sky and all the colors of the sunset makes me feel important." He slung his guitar over his shoulder.

Maude walked with him.

". . . If 'un you're ever back this way again, do drop in," she invited.

"Thank you kindly, ma'm. I just may be back."

They walked slowly out into the yard. There they found Neil and Kyle digging a small hole.

"What're you boys up to?" Maude questioned.

"We ain't doin' nothin', Mamma," Neil told her.

"Neil's plantin' a seed," Kyle stated. "Told him it was foolishness, but he wouldn't listen . . . so I thought I'd help."

"Is not foolishness!" Neil insisted, looking up. "Morgan says somethin' good will grow where my tear fell—right, Morgan?"

Morgan tossled the boy's hair. "That's right, boy."

"It's wastefulness!" Kyle shouted. "Isn't it, Maw?"

"Hush, Kyle, and help your brother finish plantin' his seed," Maude commanded.

"You goin', Morgan?" Neil wondered.

"Afraid I have to, boy, but I'll be back—when your seed's grown into a big plant. You take care of it."

"I will, Morgan, every day," Neil promised.

"Well, I'd best be off," Morgan muttered.

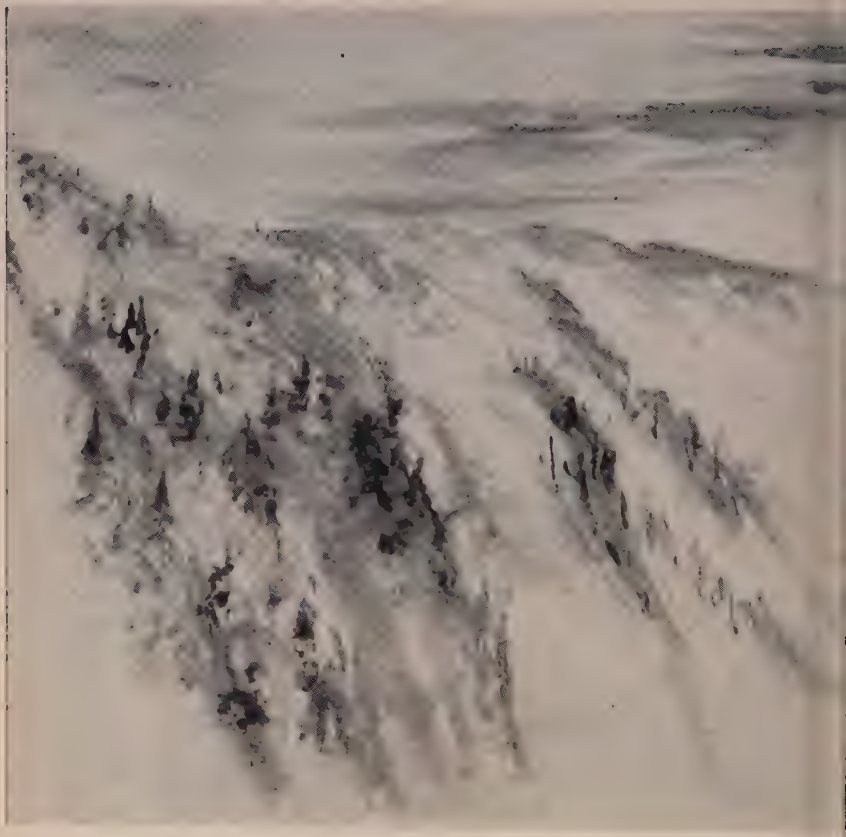
Little Neil threw his arms around Morgan's waist. "You gotta come back, Morgan. Don't forget. The plant 'n me'll be waitin' for ya."

"I'll come back," Morgan uttered, gently hugging the fair-haired boy before he reluctantly pulled away.

"Goodbye, and thank you, Morgan," Maude said, a genuine smile on her face.

Morgan turned, leaving a mother and her two sons planting a seed . . . together. He strode down the road without looking back. ▼

MOUNTAINSIDE BY WILLIAM GENTRY



I BY LONN WOLF

The tight shell of me,
The cool enclosure of I
The selfishness of myself,
The personal desire,
The singular pleasure,
The sole purpose,
The only want,
The inferior you,
The superior me.

Break loose, my spirit,
And be free

WATER BIRD BY SANDY HUMS

BY MARGIE FARMER

more than once
I've missed a bus
but one day
a chariot
came swingin low
even slow
and I missed that
too.

KING OF KINGS BY SANDRA KOHLER

DRY BONES BY DOUG BENKERT

THE BALLAD OF HARVEY Q. NICEGUY BY CHERY JOHNSON

Now,
Harvey Q. Niceguy
Was a Nice Guy
And you could tell he
Was a Nice Guy
'Cause he didn't have any hair
And, everyday, he wore
A gray flannel baggy business suit.
And you could tell he
Was a Nice Guy
'Cause he had four kids
And a Wife
Who wasn't really pretty
'Cause she was turning gray
And runnin' to fat.
But you could tell she
Was a Nice Guy's Wife.
Now, Harvey Q. Niceguy
Was a Nice Guy
And you could tell he
Was a Nice Guy
'Cause he was a Junior Executive
For the J. P. Levitt Corporation
Who made two million dollars
In twenty-five days.
And you could tell he
Was a Nice Guy
'Cause he drove a '65 Chevrolet
And his Nice Guy's Wife
Served him fried chicken TV dinners
While he sat
Sixteen feet away from her
And watched the Huntley-Brinkley Report.
Yeah, Harvey Q. Niceguy
Was a Nice Guy
And you could tell he
Was a Smart Guy, too.
'Cause when the goin' got rough
Harvey gathered up
Levitt's two million bucks
And Levitt's blonde secretary
And split for Mexico.

HOW NOT TO GET CONFUSED [illegible]

T. S. Eliot
Is a helliot.
To understand him is impossible
So to read him is inadvossible.
His sentences are not all there they're only
halves.
And that's as perplexing as the missing nut
that isn't there in do-it-yoursalves.
His purpose in writing is as vague
As was that of the World Court in Hague.
My advise to an owner of a book of T. S. Eliot.
Selliot!

ANSION BY ROBERT McKINNEY

CHERY JOHNSON, LOS ANGELES, CALIF., 15 / Asking me why I write like asking the Sun why it shines. However, scientists are trying to tell us just w the Sun does shine, so, I'll try to explain why I write. People. People puzzle, am amuse, interest and fascinate me. I write because I'm hung up on people. They blow fuses. Entry: "The Ballad of Harvey Q. Niceguy."—p. 46

SUSAN BLEDSOE, HALFWAY, MD., 18 / I'm not sure what meaning creat expression has for me. I regard it as a challenge, sometimes as an adventure, but n as a must. I write when the mood settles in—being in either a depressed or a whi sical state. I must have been in the latter when "How Not to Get Confused" (p. came into being. In school we had been reading and attempting to understand E I had become, at the same time, madly interested in Ogden Nash. The result wa humerous poem including my opinion of T. S. Eliot in the style of Ogden Nash.

ROBERT McKINNEY, CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., 16 / When I was very yo I started to gain an interest in the field of art. At the age of seven or eight I sta to draw stick figures which I feel even a preschooler would consider crude. Thi when I decided to keep trying to make my art work look more realistic. At the pr time I am trying to develop my own style of art. "Expansion" (p. 47) is wh consider one of the best of my style.

SUSAN HAAS, SLATINGTON, PA., 13 / As long as I can remember I have interested in creative art work. I think much of my improvement must be attri to my elementary and junior high school art instructors. My reason for sketching r rooms and grass is that they are so small and common that most people either them for granted or just don't notice them. Entry: "An Ant's Perspective"—p. 5

JOYCE SIMMONS, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., 18 / I first took a course creative writing in the ninth grade; since then, writing has been one of my interests. This past year I was co-editor of my high school's literary maga "Terminus" (pp. 51-54) is an expression of my reason for why nuclear warfare never be used by any country under any circumstance.

KAREN HUNTER, ELMHURST, ILL., 15 / I first became interested in art I was in 7th gade. I'd always liked scribbling before, but 7th grade was when I started studying. I liked art because it involved only myself and didn't include people. Since I didn't make friends easily anyway, I soon isolated myself. But I found now, that art does involve many people and has made me more friends I've ever had before. So art means not only a way of expressing myself, but al way of getting along with and understanding the rest of the world. Entry: "Linear osity"—p. 55

RHODA HEATON, WINCHESTER, MASS., 17 / My writing, especially poetry, means a great deal to me because it is so much a part of me, a reflecti myself and my world. I am intrigued by words and the different depths and sh of emotion that can be conveyed merely by certain sounds. Writing for me form of experimentation and discovery. Poetry is tied to what I feel not so muc words as by sounds. It is not just the expression of thoughts; it is the melody harmony of emotions. It is not just a pattern of rhymes and rhythms; it is a of musical notes. Entry: "If I Were the Sky"—p. 55

LOWELL WEBB, SHIPSHEWA, IND., 18 / Creative arts is as much the interpreting of an art form as the actual creation of it. The title of my work, "A Peter Pan Fades" (p. 56), was tacked on to the drawing after completion. It seems to portray moods of a transition from adolescence to maturity.

G. DAVID WETHERILL, BRYN MAWR, PA., 17 / My creative art instinct was awakened by a friend of mine while I was a patient at a nearby hospital, recovering from a nervous breakdown. I started writing and proof-reading for a fellow student. We have written about fifty pieces between us. Entry: "Reflections"—p. 57

THOMAS COOK, NEWTOWN, CONN., 15 / I took up photography about one year ago to allow me to express my thoughts and feelings and to give me the opportunity to pass on these ideas of mine to other people. Many of my photographs are candids (showing people in their natural habitats!), thought photographs, or simply photographs containing some form of graphic design. This picture (p. 58) was taken when I unwillingly obeyed my parents' order to get a haircut. My eye was caught by the reflection of the hair oil bottles in the mirror.

DONN HOAG, YANKTON, S. D., 16 / I became interested in creative expression through growth and discovery that I had a little bit of talent above the average and that it might be worthwhile to cultivate it. The value derived has come from observation and appreciation of the great talents (Chagall, Picasso, Wyeth, Van Gogh). To me, recognizing beauty and appreciating the works of others is more important than my personal creation. Entry: "Black Power"—p. 58

CATHY CIHLAR, STURGEON BAY, WIS., 16 / My interest in creative writing was developed through our College Prep English Class this year. It showed me an important point in writing: to base the situations in our stories on something you really knew or had experienced. I guess what you might say was special about my entry, "It's War"—pp. 59-62, was the way the two wars were blended together and their relation. Also the familiar friction between brother and sister is brought out.

DUSTY COLLINGS, SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, 16 / Some people are lucky enough to find ways of expressing a feeling in music or writing and some people discover great fulfillment in mathematics. But I found in grade school that it was satisfying for me to draw and paint. While "Cannon" (p. 62) isn't explosively revealing as far as it's message goes, it was fun to create it in a special style that gives it a dated quality. Block carving adapted well to the pattern and textures I wanted to achieve.

AN ANT'S PERSPECTIVE BY SUSAN HAAS

ERMINUS BY JOYCE SIMMONS

The Commander broke the silence.

"Men, phase one is nearing completion."

Jeffries slapped his cards down on the grey, government-issue table, dicating that another game of solitaire had folded.

"Yeah," he responded. "I mean yes, sir."

There was a long awkward pause.

"You can't cheat; that's the whole damn trouble."

The Commander raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Solitaire, sir, you can't cheat. You just feel too damn guilty."

"Must you 'damn' everything, Jeffries?" Willis complained from his nk.

Jeffries stood up suddenly, and his chair crashed to the floor.

"Now look what you've done!" Willis whined.

"Oh, God! God! God! will I be glad to get out of this damn, rotten, nking . . . hole!"

"Enough!" the Commander broke in.

"You were glad enough for shelter three weeks ago." Merry emerged m behind the curtain which surrounded her bunk. "We've got to unite! se two is the hardest of all. If we are to survive, we must be allies." Merry sat down opposite Jeffries and watched him lay out the frame- rk of a new game. The shelter was quiet, the only sound being the soft o of the cards on the table.

"I'd sell my soul for a beer!" Jeffries finally said.

"Make that two," Willis answered him.

The two men grinned at each other.

"We'll make it." The Commander crossed the room and took hold of rry's small, bluish-white hand. "Yes," he repeated, "I think we're going make it."

"Well?"

"Sir, I think it's as safe as it ever will be." Willis put down his instru- nts.

"The reading?"

"Light warning area, sir. Not good, but livable."

The Commander sighed and turned towards Merry.

"What do you think?" he asked her.

"For God's sake, Commander!" Jeffries broke in, "we need to get ou of this hole!"

"If I want your opinion, Jeffries, I'll ask for it."

"Yes, sir."

"Merry?"

"It should be your decision."

"Very well, we'll begin phase two. Willis, break the seal."

Each of them had envisioned what the outside would be like. None ha in their most panicked moments, dreamed it would be like the image th greeted them upon emerging from the shelter. In all directions, as far they could see, there was nothing—nothing but a vast, pale-grey wast land that spread out evenly until it met the dust-hazy sky.

The four of them stood around the gaping wound that the shelter do had created—a stunned knot of humanity, alone in an unfamiliar world.

Willis knelt down and plunged his fingers deep into the fine dust.

"Ash," he said simply, somewhat awed.

"Everyone, back in the shelter!" the Commander ordered.

They sat around the table, staring into each other's eyes, each o vaguely wondering if his face were reflecting the same fear, the sa horror. Merry shuddered.

"Willis, how far reaching, would you say, is what we just saw?"

"We were a tertiary target, sir. If we were this completely d stroyed . . ."

"Or else they were unable to reach the primary and secondary target

"Perhaps."

"Jeffries—you're our survival expert—state your opinion."

"We should head for the sea."

"Why?"

"Food, water supply. Perhaps other people."

"Other people," Merry echoed him.

"That's over one hundred miles away. We have only five days' wa rations. Do you think we stand a chance?"

"Hell, sir, I think we should at least try."

"Well, it's obvious that we cannot stay here."

The sun appeared over the horizon, a violent red, as the little ba started out. It was slow going; their feet sank into the fine ash, hold them back. But they didn't stop until it was time for mid-day rations.

"We won't make it, not at this rate." Willis kicked the ground, se ing small spirals of dust into the faded sky.

"Willis, if we each had, say, two more days' rations, would we stand a tter chance?"

"It might even up the odds a little, sir."

"That's just great, sir. So close and yet so far, eh?"

"I believe you were in favor of trying for the sea, weren't you, Jeffries? fact, I believe you were the one who suggested it!"

"Hell, sir, you can't expect a man . . ."

"Willis?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shoot Jeffries."

"Sir?"

"You heard me!"

"Yes, sir."

Jeffries floundered away from them.

The shot seemed louder than it was, magnified beside the great field silence.

Moaning, Merry sank down and began clawing at the ash with her nds.

"Get up," the Commander said sharply. "We've got to keep moving."

"Aren't we even going to bury him?"

"He'll be welcome food to some stray animal . . . if there are any stray imals."

The Commander took Merry's hand and pulled her up. They began their rney once more; Willis remained behind for a brief period, vomiting. For a while, Jeffries' body indicated how far they had gone, but soon y could no longer see it, and were once more entirely alone.

The sunset, the first they had seen, was a brilliant purple and crimson.

"It's the dust." Willis sighed without realizing it.

"Any chance of rain to settle it?"

Willis waved his arms in an all-encompassing, hopeless gesture.

"The weather patterns are probably disoriented, sir. I don't know."

They silently finished their rations in a silent world, and then denied silence by dreaming.

A shot awoke Merry; she sat up and looked at the Commander.

"You're not fair."

"It is not my business to be fair."

"What is your business?"

"To survive."

"How do I know you won't kill me?"

"You don't. But I won't. I need you—if for no other reason than t keep my sanity."

"Thanks."

"I won't kill you. Here, you can even have the gun."

It was a long way . . . longer than Willis or Jeffries had estimate longer than the Commander had anticipated, and too short for Merr But the end justified the means, for their supply of water held. They drar their own, and then they drank Jeffries' and Willis' shares—the Con mander thought nothing of it. To him, death was passing from one for into another—completion of the nitrogen cycle. But Merry remembere Willis and Jeffries walked indiscriminately through her dreams.

"We're glad there is a human left," they told her.

And she sipped their water, weeping.

But they could smell the salt ocean; it was surely over the next rise.

They could hear singing. At first they could not be sure, but it b came louder, and the words became more distinct.

"And we'll rally 'round the flag,
Yes, we'll rally once again."

The Commander started running.

"There are people over there!" he shouted. The singing was growi even louder.

"Oh, dear God, forgive me!" Merry said.

"What?" The Commander turned to look at her.

"I'm sorry," she said simply, and pulled the trigger of the Commande gun.

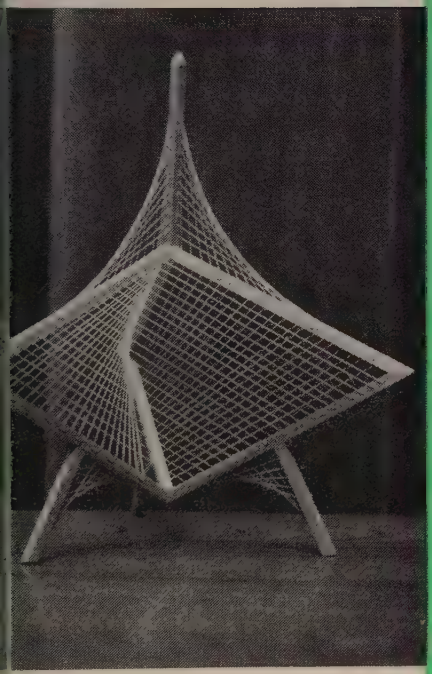
The singing seemed to be all around her, overwhelming her. And then passed away, going on across the land until only its faint echo return on the wind.

"And we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

Merry staggered backwards, away from the Commander's body.

"There aren't any people!" she said softly. "None. We . . . we . **dreamed** them! Oh, God! Help me!"

She began screaming, softly at first, then louder, until her continuo death-wail filled the hollow sky.



R CURIOSITY
AREN HUNTER

IF I WERE THE SKY
BY RHODA HEATON

If I were the sky
I wouldn't be blue.
If I were a lace
I'd not fit my shoe.
If I were a cake
I'd probably fall.
If I were a snail
I'd scurry, not crawl.
If I were a window
I'd have no glass.
If I were a yard
I'd grow no grass.
If I were a song
I'd have a wrong note.
If I were a sailor
I'd sink my boat.
If I were a bee
I wouldn't buzz.
If I were a peach
I'd have no fuzz.
If I were a cow
I wouldn't moo.
If I were a ghost
I'd never say boo.
If I were a lock
I'd have no key.
If I were you
I wouldn't be me.
If I were a giraffe
I'd have no neck.
If I were a card
I'd belong to no deck.
If I were a mule
I wouldn't kick.
If I were a clock
I wouldn't tick.
If I were a church
I'd have no steeple.
But I am what I am,
And that's a people.
They come in all colors,
All sizes and shapes.
They don't come in bunches
Like so many grapes.
And no matter how different
I think I may be,
There will always be someone
More different than me.

A PETER PAN FADES BY LOWELL WEBB

REFLECTIONS BY G. DAVID WETHERILL

I wish that I were stupid
Lacking any sense
Life would so much simpler be
If only I were dense

I wish I were the type to wear
Sloppy shirts and jeans
My hair would be a-hanging long
I'd make the Village scene

Society is not for me
I'd rather be on an island by myself

My mother is a schizo
My father's paranoid
My brother wears my sister's clothes
My analyst think's he's Freud
He says that I don't function
Like other people do
He claims I'm MALADJUSTED
Like you and you and YOU

This sad old world is yours and mine
From now till the bitter end of time

My mother cries "Get Married!"
My father, of course, agrees
They have my life mapped out for me
But it doesn't suit my needs
I am an individual
In this warped society
Searchin' and a-groping
For my identity

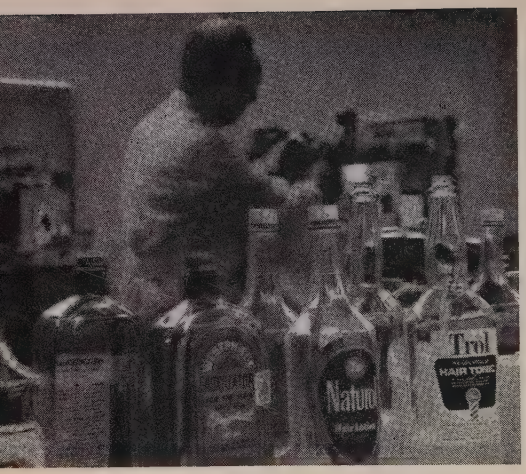
This world we know—What is our fate?
Humanity—with prejudice and hate?

If I sound a bit unusual
Fear not, my friends, for I
Am just a non-conformist
A "Catcher in the Rye."

Some day I will have passed away
My soul will be at rest
My voice will long be silenced
No more will I protest
Against the things that I'm against
And for the things I'm for
Like civil rights and poverty
And bombs to fight the war

Society one day may be
A place where we can live in peacefully

That's all for now; farewell, my friends
Until we meet again
Rise up from hate—I beg of you
Good-bye—goodluck—AMEN



BARBER SHOP BY THOMAS COOK

BLACK POWER BY DONN HOAG

S WAR BY CATHY CIHLAR

The loud, unharmonizing organ chords echoed unnervingly through the ole upstairs of the house, setting up an ear-shattering, unrhythmic ket.

"Jill," the sharp voice of her brother, Mark, raised itself angrily over din. "Will you kindly cut that out? Can't you see I'm trying to study?" noise faded and reluctantly whined to a stop. "Now leave that organ ne and get lost, will you?"

n answer a small impish face with sun-bleached blond hair poked itself ween the two hanging curtains that cut Mark's room off from the rest the upstairs and that organ. Looking quickly at Mark through two big, e eyes, it let out a little giggle and swiftly disappeared, leaving the nbersome curtains swinging awkwardly back and forth. Mark knew that re'd be a history quiz tomorrow morning and he'd have to read the ignment now—that is if he wanted to meet the guys tonight and get t broken window fixed for Mom, too. But that kid, he complained to self as he listened to light footsteps padding quietly down the short ht of stairs. She's always around when I'm trying to study—always. ever fails. I think she does it purposely, bothers me until I shout at her l get mad. She likes that. She likes getting on my nerves because she ws she can get away with it. That big wide-eyed innocent stare con- ces Mom everytime that whatever happens is my fault. Mom always ens to Jill's side of the story and hardly pays any attention to what I've to say. If I even dare touch that kid she gets steamed up over it and I ally get canned or something.

Mark was mumbling to his history book now as he tried to find his e. Upon finding it, his mumbling faded and he was soon intensely olved in the Civil War. The sharp upward slant of his angered eye- ws soon were drawn into two tight knots of concentration, forming e black bridges over his deep-set green eyes. Those eyes were now ting swiftly back and forth over every word on the page, aiding his p mind to form a distinct picture of the scene. His long thin legs, ch were draped haphazardly around his chair, gripped the hard cold ne even tighter as he read. He was totally engrossed in the print be- him. He could see the steady advance of Sherman from Chat- ooga to Atlanta. He could visualize the hundreds of blue-clad figures ching wearily down the long dusty roads and through the tangled wth of towering forests to the battle field beyond. He could hear the fled roar of cannons firing, and feel the sharp kick of the rifles as they forth deadly chunks of hardened lead. The sharp cries of fighting men

came through to him loud and clear. They were piercing, blood-curdlin screams of dying men or victorious enemies. The screams grew loud and louder. They seemed so near to him. Suddenly, he jolted himself up ward. He thought the cries had been too real and loud to be in his mir only. They were real, he realized, too real to be in a book.

His eyes burned angrily as he listened to the sharp cries coming fro downstairs. Oh great, he thought, her again. He tried to close his ea to her incessant noisemaking and concentrate on his studies. But th printed letters were only words now—Sherman . . . Chattanooga . . Confederacy—words with no meaning behind them. He couldn't co centrate with her screaming away like that. He drew his eyes away fro the book, slowly untangled his already loose grip on the chair and raise himself from it. Parting the curtains of his room with a backwards stro of his left hand, he covered the length of the dimly-lit hall, giving t old organ a menacing stare as well, and two by two descended the ste to the living room below.

He stood, all six feet of him, poised for a short moment in the n row doorway. His eyes now stone cold, dully reflecting the bright ov head light of the room, sought out Jill. They had no trouble in doing th for she was sitting stiffly on the couch, small arms wrapped tightly arou her drawn-up knees. From her small pink-rimmed mouth came hysteri screams and giggles. Her short hair was bobbing up and down with excitement she held within her.

"Jill," Mark commanded, "Shut-up, will you?" The screaming stopp All was silent as they stared coldly at each other. "Listen, Jill," Mark s sternly, trying hard to keep calm. "I thought I told you to be quiet." clenched fists whitened as he spoke. He yearned to get his hands her, to teach her a thing or two. She wouldn't learn otherwise, he kn But he didn't dare touch her or he'd get it.

Jill spoke up defensively, "I was just trying to see if I could scream loud as that fat lady on TV does." With that she pointed a stiff finge the direction of the television, which was blaring away loudly, and she out another short giggle.

"I don't care what you were trying to do," broke in Mark, not e glancing in the direction she indicated. "I just want you to tone down awhile, you hear? And I don't want to have to tell you again."

Jill smiled sheepishly and turned back to the TV. Having done all dared to do, Mark turned and acsended the stairs to his room. "Whe Mom?" he called to Jill before he had placed his foot on the top ste

"To the store," came the reply.

"Oh."

He eased his tall frame once again into the chair and disgustedly picked his chewed-up pen. But the former interruptions, finding a bit of anger seething in him, made it difficult to read even casually, much less intly. He toyed with the page edges and let the book flop down on the k in front of him. His long brown hair fell softly over his left eye like batch as he bent to reopen his book again. He found the section itled THE CIVIL WAR and stopped, glaring hard at the words. Civil . . . that's what it is. A civil war. Civil war . . . he went further on, ding carefully the definition . . . war between the states over the dised issue of states rights and . . . Ya, Mark thought as he grasped the meaning of this. It's my rights or that pesty little Jill's. It's me and m, too, over Jill. I'm against; she's entirely for. Always sticking up for , not giving me a chance to say a thing. If I even try to defend myself, m just shrugs it off with phrases, "You should know better, you're er," and "She's your little baby sister." Then Jill looks up from her tected place at Mom's side, eyes all red-rimmed and mouth puckered a little hurt puppy's and I can see the corners of those poor, hurt lips trying so hard to hold back a mocking giggle. His coarse fingers nched the pen tight as he thought. I shouldn't let Jill get away with it. houldn't. But I do, admitting to himself he hated the dreaded ordeal getting canned. And that's just what Mom would do, he reflected. n me with no privileges for weeks.

Mark turned in his chair and stared blankly out of his bedroom window. houldn't let her get away with it, though, he repeated to himself, glar- at the dismal scene the world offered him. I shouldn't. So intense was in his thoughts that he didn't hear the light footsteps on the stairs. He chalantly flipped back to an illustrated civil war scene and then just ed at the water-drenched field and trees that stood spread out like py cereal below his window. He heard a gun shot coming from behind little knoll at the side of the shed. "Come on, Mark, we gotta get m Rebs the hell outta here and now." He turned to a buddy dressed tattered blue uniform who was quickly reloading his rifle and said, "I'll ak around them trees and you . . ."

Mark jumped in his chair, startled not by the chaos of war but by fening organ chords! For only a moment his glaring eyes penetrated curtains and stared directly in the place he knew the enemy was. This it! With a battle cry he sprang to his feet. Within two short seconds rk was standing over Jill, glaring angrily down into that grinning face. h a powerful stroke of his well-muscled arm, he grabbed her up and ing abruptly, plunked himself down on her stool. The corners of his ally tight lips curled up slightly as he repeatedly brought his stinging

hand down on Jill's behind. Shrieks and howls intermingled with Mark declaration: "Yeah, this is war, little sister. This is really war!" Sh wouldn't giggle for a while anyway, nor would she laugh secretly at hin

Unexpectedly, the door slammed downstairs. Mark's grip loosened little and Jill, taking advantage, slid out of his grasp and ran down th stairs, bellowing, "Mommy, Mommy," as her hands kept rubbing brisk what was more than just her wounded pride.

Mark sat stiff and calm as he listened to the muffled conversation belo He could hear the loud sobs of Jill and the angry exclamations of h mother. But he didn't care. He felt good inside and his eyes shone, r flecting the faint light of the hall. It was like being relieved of a hea burden and suddenly he could stand up straight and tall. He knew wh was coming and was prepared for it. After all, this was war. His strate had actually been more or less planned for months—at least a good w loping one-sided battle with the enemy and then an appeal to logic a common sense and a plea to forget modern psychology and all that ju about inflicting guilt complexes. Yes, and then a good old heart to hea discussion of the peace terms with Mom. But he wouldn't, he knew wouldn't let Jill get away with it again, no matter what.

"Mark! Mark you come down here right this minute," the well-expect command of Mom barked up through the open door.

Mark poised himself calmly at the top of the steps. With determin tion set in his face he slowly began the descent, placing each foot one one on the stairs below.

CANNON BY DUSTY COLLINGS

NDEX

ART

Atkins, Paul—"Wheels"—p. 24
Bayrer, Connie—"Uncle Reuben"—pp. 18-19
Benkert, Doug—"Dry Bones"—p. 46
Collings, Dusty—"Cannon"—p. 62
Dudley, Kathleen—"Woman"—p. 5
Gentry, William—"Mountainside"—pp. 42-43
Haas, Susan—"An Ant's Perspective"—p. 50
Hoag, Donn—"Black Power"—p. 58
Hums, Sandy—"Water Bird"—p. 43
Kohler, Sandra—"King of Kings"—pp. 44-45
McKinney, Robert—"Expansion"—p. 47
Miller, Linda—"Artist at Work"—p. 17
Milne, Will—"Love Is the Word"—p. 12
Muse, Adrienne—"This Do in Remembrance of Me"—pp. 32-33
Phelps, Leslie—"Who Am I?"—pp. 22-23
Puff, Laurie—"Wispy Spirit"—p. 7
Rasp, Pam—"Gita"—p. 14
Webb, Lowell—"A Peter Pan Fades"—p. 56
Williams, Christine—"Love Can Be Happy, Too"—pp. 16-17

CREATIVE WRITING

Benfield, Cheryl—"Toadprints"—p. 5
Bledsoe, Susan—"How Not to Get Confused"—p. 47
Breeden, Carol—"Communication between Generations"—p. 19
Cihlar, Cathy—"It's War"—pp. 59-62
Clemmitt, Marcia—"The Children See"—p. 24
Dean, Hal—"On the A-quality of Blindness"—pp. 22-23
Farmer, Margie—untitled poem—p. 45
Gates, Randall—"She's Clean . . ."—p. 16
Goodwin, Ginger—"For Joe"—p. 32
Heaton, Rhoda—"If I Were the Sky"—p. 55
Herr, Cathleen—"The Lilac Ladies"—p. 25
Horvath, Linda—"Conceptions"—pp. 34-41
Johnson, Chery—"The Ballad of Harvey Q. Nicaguy"—p. 46
Leach, Mike—"To My Son"—p. 19
Long, Sandra Jeanne—"This Is My Brother"—p. 27
Miller, Jan—"The Blessed Thespian"—p. 6
Rathman, Lawrence—"Excerpts from a Letter"—pp. 8-9
Rooney, Sharon—"i wonder if he remembers?"—p. 32
Schlemmer, Becky—"When We Were R.S. and T.P."—p. 14
Simmons, Joyce—"Terminus"—pp. 51-54
Stoeve, Stephanie—"The Rebirth of Wonder in Me"—p. 31
Thompson, Dixie—"The Uselessness of the Sun"—p. 4
Warren, Cynthia—"The Reason"—p. 15
Wetherill, G. David—"Reflections"—p. 57
Wolf, Lonn—"I"—p. 42
Wood, Wendy—"I Remember You"—p. 13

PHOTOGRAPHY

Clyde, Alan—untitled—pp. 30-31
Cook, Thomas—"Barber Shop"—p. 58
Douthat, Steve—"Girl through a Window"—p. 26
Fatka, Don—"Girl"—p. 9
Gardocki, Warren—"Zebra"—front cover
Lehman, John, Jr.—untitled—pp. 6-7
Phillips, Todd—"Forgotten Window"—back cover

SCULPTURE

Freund, Peter—"Pine Cone"—p. 2
Hunter, Karen—"Linear Curiosity"—p. 55